

# TRI-WEEKLY KENTUCKY YEOMAN.

VOL. IX.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

A. J. JAMES,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
FRANKFORT, KY.  
Office on St. Clair street, near the Branch  
Bank of Kentucky.

JAMES P. METCALFE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice in the Court of Appeals, Office  
on St. Clair street, over Drs. Scott & Rod-  
man's. 1622 w&t-wt.

G. W. CRADDOCK ..... CHARLES F. CRADDOCK  
CRADDOCK & CRADDOCK,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

OFFICE on St. Clair street, next door south of the  
Branch Bank of Kentucky.

We practice law in all the Courts in Frank-  
fort, and also bring causes, Office on St.  
Clair street, four doors from the bridge.

JOHN A. MONROE,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in the Court of Appeals, in the  
Frankfort Circuit Court, and all other State  
Courts held in Frankfort, and in the Circuit  
Courts of the following counties: 164 w&t-wt.

T. N. & D. W. LINDSEY,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in all the Courts in Frank-  
fort, and also bring causes, Office on St.  
Clair street, four doors from the bridge.

JOHN A. MONROE,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice law in the Court of Appeals, in the  
Frankfort Circuit Court, and all other State  
Courts held in Frankfort, and in the Circuit  
Courts of the following counties: 164 w&t-wt.

P. U. MAJOR,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

OFFICE on St. Clair street, near the Court House,  
in the circuit courts of the judicial  
District, Court of Appeals, Federal Court, and  
all the courts held in Frankfort.

S. D. MORRIS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
FRANKFORT, KY.

PRACTICES in all the courts held in Frankfort,  
and particularly to the election of deacons in any part of  
the state. All business confined to him will meet  
with prompt attention.

Office on St. Clair street in the new building  
next door to the Branch Bank of Kentucky, over G.  
W. Craddock's office.

JOHN M. HARLAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Frankfort, Ky.

Office on St. Clair street, with James Harlan,

GEO. W. PURVIS ..... J. J. MONROE,  
Perkins & Monroe.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

LEAVENWORTH CITY, K. T.

HAN assumed themselves in the practice of  
the Law in all the Courts of the Territory.

Office on Main street, over Smoot, Russ & Co's  
Bank. 1622 w&t-wt.

JOHN M. KODMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
ST. CLAIR STREET,

Two doors North of the Court-house.

Frankfort, Ky.

CAPITAL HOTEL.

R. C. STEELE, Proprietor,  
Frankfort, Ky.

May 22, 1858.

H. WHITTINGHAM,  
Newspaper and Periodical Agent,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

CONTINUES to Frankfort American and Foreign  
Weeks, Monitors and Quarterlys on the fol-  
lowing terms. A Name She is received from twenty-four  
Publishers, Back numbers supplied and compete-  
tes. 1622 w&t-wt.

JOHN M. McCALLA,  
Attorney at Law and General Agent,  
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

E. A. W. ROBERTS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
FRANKFORT, KY.

WILL practice in the Franklin Circuit Court, and  
in the arts of Law and Medicine.

Office on St. Clair street, next door to Mr. Harlan's office.

GEORGE E. ROE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GREENSBURG, KY.

WILL practice law in the counties of Greenup,  
Lewis, Carter, and Lawrence, and in the Court  
of Appeals.

Office on Main street, opposite the Court House.

1622 w&t-wt.

B. F. DINKLE, and others,

BEGS to inform his friends, and enemies of Frank-  
fort, and surrounding counties generally, that he

is prepared to execute all descriptions of House  
and Garden Painting, in the best style, and no  
moderate terms.

He has a large number of tools and materials

and instruments, and has the same at hand, so  
that he can furnish the same with all the mod-  
erate improvements in machine, apparatus, &c., he is  
now prepared to furnish an superior article of  
Art.

Ale Beer Lager Beer, &c.

Distilleries are turned out at times with prime  
Barley, Malt, and Hops.

It is a pleasure in stating that  
Messrs. PEFFER & KAHN have accepted the sale  
agencies for the ale of Ale Beer for Frankfort  
and vicinity, and will always have on hand and for  
sale a sufficient stock of the same at manufacturer's  
prices.

All orders instructed to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

D. F. WOLF,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S  
Boot and Shoe Manufactory!

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

ALE and BEER!

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive  
catalogue, and furnishes the same with all the  
information warranted in respect thereto.

Orders intended to the same will be filled with  
promptness and dispatch.

TRIPP & CRAIG,

1622 w&t-wt.

LEXINGTON BREWERY!!

THE undersigned, returning his thanks for the lib-  
eral patronage bestowed upon him hitherto, re-  
laxes his hands, and cordially presents a full  
catalogue of his products, and descriptive

# THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
S. I. M. MAJOR & CO.,  
ST. CLAIR ST., OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE

T E R T I M S.  
One copy, per annum, in advance..... \$4 00

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,  
BERIAH MAGOFFIN,  
OF BEECHER COUNTY.

For Lieutenant Governor,  
LINN BOYD,  
OF MCCRACKEN COUNTY.

For Attorney General,  
ANDREW J. JAMES,  
OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

For Auditor,  
GRANT GREEN,  
OF HENDERSON COUNTY.

For Treasurer,  
JAMES H. GARRARD,  
OF BOYLE COUNTY.

For Register of the Land Office,  
THOMAS J. FRAZIER,  
OF BREATHITT COUNTY.

Sup't of Public Instruction,  
ROBERT RICHARDSON,  
OF KENTON COUNTY.

Prest. Board Internal Improvements,  
JAMES P. BATES,  
OF BARREN COUNTY.

FOR CONGRESS,  
CAPT. WILLIAM E. SIMMS,  
OF BOURBON.

FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
GEO. R. VALLANDINGHAM,  
OF FRANKLIN COUNTY.

THURSDAY..... JULY 23, 1859.

### Recommendations of the Committee.

We, the undersigned, having been called together by mutual friends to devise some effectual plan to preserve order at the ensuing election, after consulting and exchanging views, have come to the conclusion that all we can do is to give our advice to all parties to use every means to keep down any undue excitement.

We say that no man ought to offer to vote unless he believes he has the right to do so;

That no man should be obstructed in the exercise of the right to vote, in any way; and that the practice of depriving men of the right of voting, whether by fraud, threats, or violence, is alike unjustified, and should not be encouraged.

We recommend that there be no spirituous liquors offered on the election day at the places of voting or in the vicinity.

We make these recommendations not in a spirit of dictation, but for the benefit of mutual friends and the preservation of order.

J. H. GARRARD, Frankfort.  
B. MONROE, Frankfort.  
J. A. HOLTON, Forks Elkhorn.  
J. W. FRENCH, Peak's Mill.  
C. D. MORRIS, Bridgeport.  
SCOTT BROWN, J. D. ROBINSON, Bald Knob.

**Democrats, vote early!**

### Know Nothing Affection for Frankfort.

The Opposition organ at this place resuscitates old article from the *Louisville Democrat*, of 1856, aimed at the Frankfort clique, as proof that the Democratic party was or is hostile to this town. We do not know that the article in question received the indorsement of any one. It certainly was not republished or indorsed in any way by us, although we thought then, as we do now, that the reckless extravagance of our town council deserved the severest censure of all our citizens. But without meaning to be disagreeable we cannot refrain from giving a specimen of "Opposition affection for Frankfort" which far eclipses the article from the Louisville Democrat, or anything else that ever appeared in print. We mean Roger Hanson's speech in the House of Representatives at Frankfort in February, 1859, about a month before the Democrat's article appeared. Here it is—here's the way the Opposition leaders express their affection for our city:

Mr. HANSON made some remarks in favor of the bill. He said that one of the objections to the bill urged by some of his own party, was that it placed Frankfort county and the Frankfort clique, under the heel of Owen county. He called Frankfort GOD ALMIGHTY'S SINK HOLE—a place sunk so deep in the ground that the sun never shone upon it—where you had to go under ground to get to it, and climb a hill or swim a river to get out of it. Let it be put under the heel of Owen—clique and all—and let Owen grind the life out of it—he would not mourn. If some young lawyer were disappointed in regard to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney—or some older one in regard to the judgeship—he did not care. He should not oppose the bill on that account. He was not afraid to pass the bill—his party could and would take the responsibility—notwithstanding gentlemen had said that the people would judgmentally repudiate those who passed it.

Mr. HANSON spoke and defended Frankfort and the Frankfort clique from the imputations cast upon it by those who should be its friends. It was the clique to whom the American party were indebted for their success—it was they who had told the party that Mr. Loving would not do as the candidate for Governor—but that they must run Mr. Morehead or else be defeated. The clique was composed of astute and industrious men—men who never tired—who had devoted night and day to the success of the party—who had been abused from one end of the State to the other, but who had stood it all for the sake of success; and was it for men who owed their success to this very clique to get up here and abuse them? He warned them to

"Mark from the tomb a dolorful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry,  
Ye living men come view the ground,  
Where you must shortly lie."

A day of reckoning would come, and they must beware of the consequences.

This assault upon Frankfort surpasses in malignity, virulence, and coarseness anything of the kind that ever appeared in the Louisville Democrat or any other print. If the Opposition paper published one word in vindication of the city or the character of its citizens assailed by Mr. Hanson we did not see the article. The task was left to the "Yeoman," by whose editor the slander upon the city was properly resented. When Mr. Hanson became a candidate the year after he was warmly supported and defended by not only the Opposition paper here but by the leaders of the Opposition party. Let it be remembered that the unwarranted attack upon our town was made here in the Capitol by the representative of an adjoining county; that it was not a newspaper article published in a rival town, and then the balance of accounts being cast

on the subject of "affection for Frankfort," which of the parties can claim the advantage?

Any one acquainted with the political history of the State will have no difficulty in deciding the question as to which of the parties has shown itself most friendly to Frankfort.

The Democracy had a majority in the Constitutional Convention, which assembled here in 1849, and for once at least since the establishment of the State government they held the destinies of Frankfort in their hands; for, by a bare majority, was in their power to have removed the seat of government and so fixed it that it never could have been brought back to Frankfort. The Convention, however, established the Capital at Frankfort by constitutional guarantees and safeguards—requiring no less than a two-thirds vote to remove it; and the man who can deliberately charge the Democratic party with hostility to this town must be either very ignorant or too prejudiced to do his opponents the simplest justice. One of our State candidates, Col. Garrard, was a member of the Convention, and voted in favor of keeping the Capital here, while most of the other candidates upon our ticket, when members of the Legislature, have given votes in favor of Frankfort.

Other facts that throw a strong light upon this subject should not be omitted. The holding of State Conventions by either of the political parties in this place has been a source of great profit and advantage to our town. The Democracy for years past have held all their conventions here, while the Opposition and Know-Nothing parties, although in most instances having their Executive Committees here, have held their conventions in Louisville. On this point which of the parties proved itself the friend of Frankfort?

Again, the last Legislature was Democratic for the first time in a quarter of a century, and yet we will venture the assertion, and appeal to the memory of our older citizens to have it maintained, that the last session was the first, if not the only one for many years, in which propositions to remove the seat of government were not entertained and discussed. Did this look like the Democratic party were or ever had been hostile to Frankfort?

Again, the holding of the Court of Appeals in Frankfort is of great advantage to the town, and second only in importance to holding the Legislature here, yet when propositions have been before the Legislature to banish the Court of Appeals Democrats voted against them, and when the strongest effort of the kind was made, it was mainly to Beriah Magoffin's friendship for Frankfort that we were indebted for its defeat. Does this look like the Democrats or their candidates were unfriendly to Frankfort?

If our people can be influenced in casting their votes by a regard for the interests of this town, they will most certainly elect George Vallandingham to the Legislature. No man who can see to the end of his nose can honestly doubt that the next Legislature will be Democratic in both branches. This being the fact, it is indispensably necessary to our welfare that we should be represented by one in the councils of the dominant majority, and having influence sufficient with them to take care of our interests. Mr. Rodman can have no such influence, nor is it reasonable to suppose, after his violent and uncalled for assaults upon the principles and candidates of the Democratic party, that the Democracy will be disposed to listen favorably to any of his propositions should he succeed in being elected to represent this county in the Legislature. He will be worse than useless to us as a Representative.

Vallandingham is the man for the purpose, if we wish to see our best and most vital interests, as citizens of Frankfort, made safe in the next Legislature. The Democratic party has always been the friend of Frankfort; but as Frankfort has new and continued favors to ask at the hands of the Democracy, she should show a reciprocity of good feeling, and this can be done in no other way than by choosing a Democrat to represent her for once in twenty-three years. Here is a test by which to discover the true friends of our town—to find out if any love Frankfort and its interests better than mere partisan politics and demagogery.

**Vote for Beriah Magoffin!**

### Democrats of Kentucky.

The day of battle is at hand, and you are called upon to confront the enemy with stout hearts and see that the election shall be honestly and fairly conducted. We have discharged our duty as an editor, and we now leave it to our fellow-Democrats to decide on Monday, whether or not they fully appreciate the service which we have endeavored to render? If they do, they will go to the polls and vote the Democratic ticket; they will rally their friends, and induce them to do the same thing; they will be active from this time forward, and leave no effort unmade in behalf of the entire Democratic ticket; they will vote early, work early and late; they will be constantly on the alert; and, on Monday next, in solid phalanx, they will go to the polls and vote the entire ticket, and nothing but the entire ticket!

**Vote for Linn Boyd!**

### Do not Swap Votes!

No real good can result to the Democratic party from the practice of swapping votes. Avoid it as much as possible, and in no instance give the enemy the advantage of you. Vote the whole Democratic ticket, and nothing else!

**Vote for Andrew J. James!**

### Do not Scratch Your Tickets!

Vote the entire Democratic ticket on Monday. It is wrong to erase a single name therefrom, and no good Democrat should think of doing so.

**Vote for Grant Green!**

### Democratic Candidates.

We are enabled to lay before our readers a tolerably full and accurate list of the names of the Democratic candidates for the Legislature, gleaned from the files and correspondence of the Yeoman.

### THE SENATE.

The Senate is composed of 38 members, 20 of whom are to be elected in August. The following is a list of the districts in which elections are to be held and the names of the Democratic candidates where nominations have been made.

1. Hickman, Bellwood, Graves, and Fulton—Samuel H. Jenkins.

2. Hopkins, Union, and Crittenden—Ben. Cissell.

3. Christian and Todd—Robert E. Glenn.

4. Logan, Simpson, and Butler—No nomination.

5. Warren, Ulster, and Edmonson—W. T. Anthony.

6. Hart, Green, and Taylor—C. J. Watson.

7. Cumberland, Clinton, Wayne, and Russell—Samuel Holt.

8. Boone, Campbell, Adair—No nomination.

9. McCreary, Livingston, Caldwell, and Lyon—James K. Hines.

10. 6 Wards City Louisville—W. W. Reaser.

11. Jefferson Co.—5th and 8th wards of Clay—I. L. Hyatt.

12. Henry, Oldham, and Trimble—Samuel L. Dehaven.

13. Calloway, Trigg, and Marshall—John C. Prall.

14. Madison and Garrard—No nomination.

15. Whitley, Laurel, Knox, and Rockcastle—H. Jones.

16. Carroll, Gethin, and Boone—Charles Chambers.

17. Bourbon and Bath—John D. Harrison.

18. Marion and Franklin—Franklin F. Marshall.

19. Floyd, Johnson, Johnson, and Pike—Alex. L. Davidson.

20. Big Sandy, Owsley, Letcher, Perry, and Breathitt—J. E. Gibson.

Senators holding over—Democrats 11, Opposition 7.

In the 4th, 10th, and 24th districts the Democracy have not yet made nominations and, we presume, will have no candidates. In the 22d district Messrs. Humphreys, Evans, and Dodds, all Democrats, are the candidates.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives is composed of one hundred members, all to be elected in August. Our information in regard to the candidates for the House is imperfect. We append an alphabetical table of the Representative districts and the Democratic candidates as far as heard from—counties entitled to two Representatives being marked with the figure 2, viz:

Adair—Nat. Gaither, Jr.

Anderson—Jos. McKey and W. F. Leathers.

Allen—Wilson Foster.

Boggs—No candidate.

Brecken—William Orr.

Burke—John D. Harrison.

Burton—No candidate.

Burke 2—Isaac Smith and Joseph T. Black.

Breckinridge—No candidate.

Bourne—Fountain Riddell.

Bullard and McCracken—L. D. Husbands.

Burk—John Gedgel.

Burke and Edmonson—Hill.

Campbell—Geo. B. Hodge.

Caldwell and Lyon—J. M. Bosworth and W. B. Jones.

Christian—Wm. Brown.

Clark—No candidate.

Carroll and Trimble—Ben. Hitt.

Casper and Russell—Chesley S. Jones.

Clinton and Cumberland—No candidate.

Cochran—John Ratliff.

Crittenden—Alex. Winkler.

Culver—T. C. Coleman, A. B. Neal, and John McElroy.

Fay—Owsley—Asn. Gilbert.

Garrison—John G. McFarland.

Edmonson 2—A. Stuvers.

Franklin—Geo. R. Vallandingham.

Fayette 2—No candidate.

Floyd and Johnson—James E. Stewart.

Hancock and Rowan 2—H. D. Dobins and H. G. Burns.

Gatlinburg—A. B. Chamber.

Gates—D. Cook.

Greenup—Geo. E. Kee.

Grainger—Alex. Duckup.

Garrison—N. C. Tifford.

Garrison—No candidate.

Greene—D. P. White.

Hopkins—W. B. Parker.

Hudson—W. S. Elam.

Hardin 2—No candidate.

Hancock—Eugene A. Fauleauer.

Hedges—Jas. L. Leeb.

Hornbeck—John Donan.

Harrison 2—Jo. Shawan and W. W. Cleary.

Hickman and Fulton—W. D. Lanham.

Jessamine—W. G. Cigar.

Jefferson 2—David Merrivether and Samuel L. Goiger.

Kenton 2—J. G. Carlisle and John Ellis.

Knox and Hardin—No candidate.

Louisville 1st—Joseph Croxton.

</div

## THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

(Special dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.)

**Thrilling War Details.—The Results of Solferino Described by Eye-Witnesses.**

BALTIMORE, July 22.—Mr. Raymond, writing to the New York Times, from Castelnuovo, under date of June 26, after some preparatory remarks, says:

The Austrians had evidently regarded Solferino as the key of their position, and filled it with artillery. The Emperor, Francis Joseph, commanded there in person. Every approach was guarded by artillery, and the Emperor of Austria believed his position impregnable.

Mr. Raymond says the French were not in a condition to pursue the enemy after the battle. Every conveyance for miles around was put into requisition to remove the wounded, whose condition was most pitiable, being driven for miles under a blazing sun. The Austrians and French were placed indiscriminately together, and alike cared for.

Just before dark on Sunday evening, I looked into the large church in this place, to which the greater number of the wounded were taken. It was a Catholic church, of course, as the gare no others here. All the furniture of every kind had been taken out from the altar and side chapels, as well as from the nave of the building, and upon rows of mattresses extended lengthwise on the stone floor as closely as they could be, the wounded were placed. All those injuries would permit their removal, had been taken away and sent to Montecchio, Brescia, and other towns, and those who were left were seen very near their end.

On one side of the chapel lay eight Austrians. Two or three were gasping for breath, and in the very act of dying, and not one of the whole could possibly, it seemed to me, live an hour. The entire door was covered with poor victims of war, nearly all rapidly approaching the same extremity. The men and women clung with the care of them were passing to and fro, not to soothe or comfort the dying, for there was no time for that, but looking for those who might still be saved; and over the altar, looking down upon this horrid scene, was an immense, well pointed, life-like picture, illustrating the Sermon on the Mount, and representing the Redeemer saying to those about him, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." What an awful comment did that scene present upon that sacred text!

### APPEARANCE OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

The field, as far as the eye could reach, was strewn with the dead, though only the horses could be distinctly seen, as the field had been covered with wheat, some of which, in spite of the terrible trampling it had received, was still standing, and concealed the bodies of many of the men.

Leaving the carriage on the road to meet me further on, I turned into the field, intending to cross it, but had not gone more than twenty rods, when a tremendous outcry (such as only an excited Italian can raise) from my driver attracted my attention and called me back. I found everybody in commotion. The Chasseurs d' Africa had left the road and were drawn up in an adjacent field. Everybody seemed preparing for a movement of some kind. Carriages were hastily drawn off of the road, and presently a train of artillery wagons—fifteen or twenty—came rushing up from the direction of Volta, the horses being lashed by their riders into a full gallop, and the officers in command dashing ahead at full speed, to clear the way.

As soon as I could emerge from the dense cloud of dust in which their asperging rush had enveloped us, I inquired of a Chasseur who was standing near me, the meaning of the movement. He said he presumed the Austrians had made a stand ahead, and were about to renew the fight, and that these artillery wagons had been dispatched back, in all haste, for fresh supplies of ammunition.

The explanation seemed satisfactory enough, and as the Austrians were believed to be at least eight or ten miles away, and the heights of Solferino and Carrara in plain sight, were crowded with French troops, no special reason was apparent for any alarm. I started again across the field, but my driver insisted upon instantly returning to Montecchio, as he was perfectly convinced that the Austrians were at hand.

Finding that I could not control him in the least, and that my only choice was to go with him, or be left on foot under a burning sun, some six miles from Castiglione, I made the best of a bad case, and went back as far as that place and discharged him. I had engaged him only for the ride to Solferino, as our regular vehicle had been taken by Malakoff, to go to Brescia, to post our letters of the previous night.

Thinking nothing of the affair of the artillery-men or Austrians, we stopped at the first inn we saw, and finding we could get absolutely nothing to eat, and very little wine to drink, we made the best meal we could under such circumstances, and then sauntered through the town in search of another vehicle, but found it utterly impossible to obtain one, as everything in the least degree available had been taken for the service of the wounded. It was too hot to walk, so we sat down upon the piazza of a cafe on the principal street to lay some plans as to our future movements. A Piedmontese captain sat on the chair near us, pouring cold water on his wounded leg, and comfortably smoking a cigar. Wounded soldiers were sitting on the sidewalk, Zouaves with their arms in slings or limping with canes, were lounging about. The shops were open, officers were riding along, walking their horses in the hot sun, and the traffickers and other townspeople were about their usual business.

### A GENERAL RUSH.

Having had very little rest the night before, and being greatly oppressed by the heat, I soon fell asleep, as did my friend Forsyth, of Troy, who sat beside me. We were speedily aroused by an evident and unusual commotion, and looking up, we saw men running down street with uncommon agility; their numbers and speed increased—Zouaves and other soldiers were running as fast as the race. I stepped into the street and asked three or four soldiers in succession what was the matter; each gave the same reply, "Je ne sais pas," but never stopped running in the least. Presently one shouted as loudly as his spent breath would permit, "They are killing the wounded!" I asked who? He replied, "Les Austrians." This was certainly rather startling information, and as it was backed up by a general flight of the whole mobile population, we began to think it was time for us to be moving also.

We accordingly started off at a round pace, but were compelled to stop now and then and draw up close to the wall to prevent being run over by the advancing crowd. French mounted officers came tearing down the street, purring their horses into a dead run over the pavement.

Shutters were closed, doors bolted, and Sardinian flags pulled in with alacrity. Everybody who had a cart and horse mounted it and started. I saw a Zouave, who had been limping through the streets not a moment before, seize a horse, which stood at the entrance of a stable-yard, without its saddle, bridle, or even halter, leap on his back, and holding by the mane, kick and hallooed him into a keen gallop down the street. Every body was running for dear life. We went with the crowd until we cleared the town and reached the high road to Lonato.

A French officer, whom I recognized as one I had seen in command of the Guard of the wounded, came dashing along in a grand gallop. I called to him, as he rushed past, "Are the Austrians there?" "On dit," was his only reply. Following close to his heels, came one of the large wagons belonging to the Imperial suite, and in a young man to whom I had seen the surgeons of the Imperial household especially deferential the day before. Next, came an open chaise with two civilians, one of whom was lashing the horses, and the other fighting off the soldiers, who were trying their best to climb up behind.

By this time we had stopped running and fallen to a leisurely walk, when those in the chaise, who were touchingly sympathetic, consolingly shewed to us that we were certainly lost, as the Austrian dragoons were slashing their way right and left directly in our rear. This decided us to quit running altogether, as it was quite hopeless to run away from pursuing cavalry.

This relaxation of our pace, and the recovery of our wind, induced a cooler view of the whole affair, and we were already beginning to see its

farical character, when our cowardly coachman came pulling and bawling behind us, his face swelling with fear and red with heat. He raised his eyes and clasped his hands in pity as he passed us, and soon turned off from the road and buried his stalwart form in a field of wheat. This quite reconciled us to the desperate state of things, and laughing at his sorrows we entirely forgot our own.

Reasoning, moreover, as we walked, we thought it most possible that a corps of Austrian horse-might have dashed in from Peschiera to re-cue the prisoners, of whom there were six thousand in Castiglione; but anything beyond this seemed quite impossible. The whole body of fugitives upon our road was out of sight, but a long cloud of dust on the road to Montecchio showed that in that direction the pause was unabated.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

Of its results at Brescia, our regular correspondent, who was on the spot, will give a detailed account. I have since tried hard to find out how it originated, but with only indifferent success. At first we were told that a squadron of Piedmontese cavalry, who were pronouncing the country in the direction of Castiglione, had been mistaken for Austrians. But an officer in the camp of Gen. Carrobert, which we visited the next day, upon the furthest extreme of the field of battle, told us that it came from five Austrian soldiers, who had concealed themselves in the bushes after the fight, and now came in to surrender. They were said to have stated that the Austrian army was rapidly coming up in full force, and would soon be in possession of Castiglione.

In that camp no alarm seems to have been created, but when the rumor reached the ammunition train, a rifle or so in the rear, it was rehearsed. They ran their horses all the way to Brescia, some seventeen miles, and reached there about 3 o'clock. Why they did not communicate the alarm to the corps of Chasseurs d'Afrique, through which they passed, or why their officers did not pause for further inquiry, are among the mysteries of a stampede.

On reaching Brescia, as soon as we found out that their alarm was groundless, they returned; but as they were separated from their camp they were entirely without provisions of any kind, and reached Castiglione on Sunday noon, with both horses and men completely exhausted. Several of the former had fallen in the traces and been left behind, on the road.

As we came out of the inn where we had been limping, we saw three artillerists sitting on the sidewalk, their horses standing near, and all completely worn out. They told us of the fight, and said they had eaten nothing since they left their camp on the morning of the previous day, and that neither they nor their horses could go a step farther. They had no money, nobody had offered them anything to eat, and it is not a French soldier's habit ever to ask a favor from any one. We gave them money enough to procure some food, and they soon after started on to join their corps.

### THE FALLEN.

On Sunday afternoon we again rode out upon the field of battle, taking the Minuta road across the plain. Drove through the middle of the field upon which the first and fiercest of the combat had been waged. For over four miles in length, and at least two in width, the fields were strewed with the dead, and reliefs and remnants of the contest. More than half the dead had been buried, as the intense heat had compelled the peasants, in self-defense, to lose no time in performing this office.

But here and there, near the road, dead bodies were lying, and they grew thicker as we went back among the low bushes at the back of the field where the early part of the bloody struggle had been waged. It was just there that the French infantry were massed and exposed, immovable, for the moment, to the terrible cannonade of the Austrians. The bodies of Frenchmen and of Americans were mixed thickly together, as each in turn had occupied the ground. They lay just as they had fallen; some on their backs, some on their faces, nearly all at full length, and very few with any indications of muscular contortions or special pain. One Austrian, quite by himself, lay flat on his back with both hands raised as if in supplication.

A common ball had穿入 (passed through) a shapeless mass of flesh both his legs. An other lay in the same position, with the whole of his face completely shot away. Not one whom I observed had his hat on, and many were without coats. Muskets, bayonets, and sabres of them quite mingled, lay scattered all over the field. Cartridges unused, in immense quantities were strewn about with balls of all kinds everywhere, though many had sunk in the ground.

At Ramrod, bayonet, priming-tubes, and all the little utensils of war, lay around. Bits of torn clothing, gloves, belts, pocket-combs, and quantities of letters, were strewn about in every direction, and at least a hundred horses could be best seen from any point where you might choose to stand, some in almost asunder by cannon balls, some pierced in the side by grape-shot, and others with their legs completely shot away.

We made a hasty visit to-day to the headquarters of the Piedmontese army at Pescina, a pleasant little town on the shores of Lake Garda. Their wounded were still arriving, and I could not help noticing the superior accommodations provided for them. They were brought in ambulances, but somewhat like an omnibus with springs, cushions, and pillows.

Not one vehicle of the kind have I seen in connection with the French army. Their wounded seem to be left to such casual comfort as can be bought of the peasants, and nothing can excuse the barbarous cruelty which attended the removal of the tens of thousands who were taken from the bloody field of Solferino. I cannot believe this is equal with the French army, but the necessity which arose must certainly have been foreseen and should have been provided for.

Yours, H. J. R.

GRANT GREENS, Esq.—The Democratic candidate for Auditor, was in our city last week. He reported the prospect as most flattering for a large majority for the State ticket in the First and Second Districts. Dr. Peyton, our candidate for Congress in the Second District, tried true and faithful, will be re-elected by an increased majority over his emancipation, slave code competitor—while in the First District, the citadel of Democratic strength, both the candidates for Congress strongly urge the State ticket, and deprecate any division of the whole mobile population, we began to think it was time for us to be moving also.

We accordingly started off at a round pace, but were compelled to stop now and then and draw up close to the wall to prevent being run over by the advancing crowd. French mounted officers came tearing down the street, purring their horses into a dead run over the pavement.

Shutters were closed, doors bolted, and Sardinian flags pulled in with alacrity.

Everybody who had a cart and horse mounted it and started. I saw a Zouave, who had been limping through the streets not a moment before, seize a horse, which stood at the entrance of a stable-yard, without its saddle, bridle, or even halter, leap on his back, and holding by the mane, kick and hallooed him into a keen gallop down the street.

Every body was running for dear life. We went with the crowd until we cleared the town and reached the high road to Lonato.

A French officer, whom I recognized as one I had seen in command of the Guard of the wounded, came dashing along in a grand gallop. I called to him, as he rushed past, "Are the Austrians there?" "On dit," was his only reply.

Following close to his heels, came one of the large wagons belonging to the Imperial suite, and in a young man to whom I had seen the surgeons of the Imperial household especially deferential the day before. Next, came an open chaise with two civilians, one of whom was lashing the horses, and the other fighting off the soldiers, who were trying their best to climb up behind.

By this time we had stopped running and fallen to a leisurely walk, when those in the chaise, who were touchingly sympathetic, consolingly shewed to us that we were certainly lost, as the Austrian dragoons were slashing their way right and left directly in our rear. This decided us to quit running altogether, as it was quite hopeless to run away from pursuing cavalry.

This relaxation of our pace, and the recovery of our wind, induced a cooler view of the whole affair, and we were already beginning to see its

farical character, when our cowardly coachman came pulling and bawling behind us, his face swelling with fear and red with heat. He raised his eyes and clasped his hands in pity as he passed us, and soon turned off from the road and buried his stalwart form in a field of wheat. This quite reconciled us to the desperate state of things, and laughing at his sorrows we entirely forgot our own.

Reasoning, moreover, as we walked, we thought it most possible that a corps of Austrian horse-might have dashed in from Peschiera to re-cue the prisoners, of whom there were six thousand in Castiglione; but anything beyond this seemed quite impossible. The whole body of fugitives upon our road was out of sight, but a long cloud of dust on the road to Montecchio showed that in that direction the pause was unabated.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards that it produced the most serious results, when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road.

As we had agreed to ride Malakoff on his return from Brescia, at Montecchio, we struck into the cross roads leading through the farms and country districts, and after a couple of hours' walk, reached that place. We found it in the very height of the fever, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that we prevailed on the landlord of the inn to open his doors and give us possession of the room we had engaged. This was certainly the most remarkable instance of pure panic I ever saw, and the most striking feature of it was, the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along.

We heard afterwards

